

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND!
65,941 "WANTS"
PRINTED LAST YEAR.

THIS is a Larger Number of Advertisements Than Were Printed by the Three Next Most Prominent New York Newspapers Combined.

PRICE ONE CENT.

ALBANY'S MURDERS

Two Frail Women Shot Down by Their Lovers.

Jealous George Dillon Kills His Mistress and Himself.

Alice Fletcher the Victim of a Hot-Blooded Italian Wooer.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

ALBANY, Jan. 3.—The Capitol City is excited to-day over the murder of two women, the tragedies being hardly less shocking than those which form the Whitechapel series.

Both murders occurred last night. In one case the perpetrator of the crime is still at large, while in the other the murderer turned suicide and will die from a bullet in his head.

Mrs. Lottie Lyons, formerly the mistress of George Dillon, was the first victim.

Dillon is said to have left her last September, but he at any rate retained enough interest in her so that he was jealous of the attentions paid to her by other men.

Last night, at about 8 o'clock, Mrs. Lyons was washing dishes in her apartments, while her young son was busy in another room.

Dillon entered the apartments, walked up to the woman's side and drawing a revolver fired a shot into her left temple. She was instantly killed.

The boy was attracted by the shot and came running to his mother. Dillon threatened him, chased him from the room, and then, returning to the woman's side, fired a bullet into his own head at the ear.

Alice Fletcher was the other murdered woman. She lived in a low resort and her dead body was found in her room about three hours after the Dillon-Lyons affair.

Just when she met her death is not known. She had a bullet wound in her breast and death had followed the internal hemorrhage.

The Fletcher woman had a lover, an Italian whose name was unknown. He came here lately and is said to have hailed from Whitehall.

By the police it is believed that the Italian is the murderer of the woman, and that the crime followed a quarrel.

Officers are searching for the lover, who has disappeared, and are confident that they are on his track.

WHERE IS THE ARTIST?

Charles H. Chapin has mysteriously disappeared from his home.

Charles H. Chapin, a well-known artist and member of the prominent family of which the Mayor is a shining representative, is missing.

Since June last, when he returned from California after a year's sojourn there in search of health, he has resided at No. 44 Second place with his half-brother, Mr. C. P. Chapin, of the New York coffee firm of Williams, Chapin & Russell.

On Friday the missing man complained of depression of spirits, and packing a small handbag said he would go to New York for a few days to seek relief in a little change. He went directly to the Ashland House, in Fourth avenue, New York, where he remained until Sunday morning.

It was said that during his stay at the hotel he acted strangely, ringing his bell frequently, giving capricious orders for wine, cigars, fire, Apollinaris water, &c.

Early on Sunday morning he left the hotel, leaving his satchel, and up to a late hour last night had not returned. Fearing that something had happened, as he had not heard from him since, his brother, Mr. C. P. Chapin, called at the Ashland House yesterday morning and was informed by the waiter that the artist's strange disappearance.

Mr. Chapin at once said his brother's bill and took possession of the satchel, and he went to the police headquarters and in a few minutes had the artist's disappearance reported to the police.

The missing man is fifty years of age, and for some time past has been suffering from nervous prostration and depression of spirits, the result of overwork and domestic bereavement.

It was under Dr. Hammond's advice that he visited California, and he had not returned since. He is entirely in the hands of the police authorities in New York. All we are desirous of doing is to ascertain my brother's whereabouts, and to ascertain how he came to be in New York.

The rumor that he was addicted to excessive drinking is denied by his friends. It is, however, admitted that he had frequent recourse to morphine for relief from his nervous ailments.

BROOKLYN'S MORTALITY.

An Even Death Rate Maintained During the Past Two Weeks.

The deaths in Brooklyn for the week ending Saturday, Dec. 29, numbered 341, being same as the previous week, and representing an annual death rate of 22.08 in every 1,000 of the population. Compared with the corresponding week in 1887 there was 44 more, when the death rate was 20.45, compared with the corresponding week in 1886 there were 2 more, the rate of mortality then being 24.85. By classes the deaths, the death rate and the percentage of deaths to the total deaths are as follows:

Class	Deaths	Rate per 1,000	Per cent.
Infants	58	3.70	17.01
Children	171	11.25	50.13
Adults	112	17.08	32.86
Total	341	22.08	100.00

Of children under five years of age there were 137 deaths, at an annual death rate of 8.87, or 40.17 per cent. of total. There were 65 deaths under five years of age, or 18.06 per cent. of total. The four chief causes of death were: Pneumonia, 41; consumption, 38; diphtheria, 23; bronchitis, 12. Aggregate 120, or 35.07 per cent. of total.

The death rate of certain American and foreign cities was as follows: New York, 21.98; New York, 22.09; Boston, 21.30; Philadelphia, 18.95; New Orleans, 25.04; Philadelphia, 16.91; London, 17.71; Paris, 22.45; Dublin, 20.01; Glasgow, 20.91.

There were 142 deaths in houses containing three or more dwellings (apartments). The birth rate numbered 200, the marriages 99, the still births 14. There were 27 deaths in public institutions and a colored person died. The mean temperature was 50.80, the maximum temperature was 55 on Wednesday, the minimum temperature was 41 on Sunday. The mean humidity was 72.25, saturation being 100.

A THINNING TRAIL OF BLOOD

IT TELLS HOW GUARD DANIEL LANIGAN MET HIS DEATH.

He Was Bleeding and Dying While His Train Was Coming Down the "L." Struck by a Projection Between Tracks and He Looked for a Train in the Steam Pipe—No One Saw Him When He Got His Hurt.

The body of Daniel Lanigan, the guard who was killed on a City Hall train on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad last night, still lay this morning on the floor of the train dispatcher's office at the City Hall station, where it was carried after being found.

Investigation by an EVENING WORLD reporter shows that the man met his death shortly after leaving the Canal street station.

As the train started from the station he ran to the rear platform, where there was a break in the steam connection.

He opened the gate on the left-hand side and lay down on the platform to reach for the pipe. He clutched the guard-rail with his left hand, and was looking under the car when he was struck.

The projection with which his head collided was the northern end of a slanting platform which runs between the regular track and the track leading into what is known as the Chatham Square pocket.

From this point along the edge of the platform there is a slight stream of blood. From this point along the edge of the platform there is a slight stream of blood, which had dripped from his wounds to the street below, had been obliterated by the constant passing of vehicles.

About ten feet from the end of the Chatham Square platform there are a few boards projecting out just far enough to allow a man space to stand.

The sanguinary trail continued over these boards until the end of the platform was reached.

Here an end guard-rail intervened, and the man's head came against this obstruction, scattering the blood for two feet around.

Then the train stopped in order to transfer passengers.

As soon as it started, the gory trail continued the full length of the Chatham Square station.

It runs along about an inch from the edge of the platform, and is very fresh, then it grows fainter until, at the southern end, it is very slight.

It was the sight of the man hanging on the rail with his head down that attracted the people who were waiting for a South Ferry train. They raised a cry, but it went unnoticed until the train was half way down the City Hall station when one of the passengers, Mr. P. G. Hopper, editor of the *Official Bowler*, walked up to the door, intending to get off as soon as the train stopped. He saw the man open, and looking down saw the guard lying on the platform.

He gave an alarm, and with the assistance of other gentlemen, he carried the body further back, so that the head would not come in contact with any other object.

The train was stopped and great excitement prevailed. Finally the train started on, and arrived at the City Hall several minutes late. It was due at 5.22.

The body was laid in the dispatcher's office and was there until the train started on, and arrived at the City Hall several minutes late. It was due at 5.22.

The railroad officials claim that word was sent to the dispatcher's office and then to a coroner's office.

Clerk Toul, of the Coroner's office, said the office was open until 6 o'clock and no word had been received up to that time.

The spot where the man was struck was a few doors above Bayard street, near the Bowery Mission lodging-house. Near this place there is a small house, but no one but a late hour train started on, and arrived at the City Hall several minutes late. It was due at 5.22.

The man was struck in the back of the head, and received a severe wound. His forehead was black and blue, and there was blood dripping from the corner of his left eye. The mouth was bruised, and a large amount of blood had escaped from the mouth and nose.

At 5.25 o'clock a newsboy brought the man's cap to the Canal Street Station. It was muddy, and the boy said he had picked it up just below the corner.

The man lived with his wife and four children at 2430 Eighth avenue. The widow is sick, and was unable to leave the house, so the body was left in the dispatcher's office until a late hour train started on, and arrived at the City Hall several minutes late. It was due at 5.22.

Col. Hain's representatives called at the Coroner's office, got a permit and had the remains taken home.

When a report was received that the company was in no wise responsible, as it was by the victim's own carelessness that he lost his life, they would see that the proper arrangements were made for the funeral.

A MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING AFFAIR.

Who Fired the Bullet Which Seriously Wounded Charles Bender?

The village of Bayside, L. I., is at present stirred up over the mysterious shooting of Charles Bender, the thirteen-year-old son of Christian Bender, the well-known wheelwright of that place.

It was about dusk on New Year's evening and Charles was standing on the railroad crossing near the Bayside depot talking to a number of companions, when a report as of a pistol shot was heard.

They were startled by hearing young Bender scream, and he fell from his feet, his mouth as if staggered to the rear by and dropped to the ground. Immediately a message was sent to the police station, and on learning his son's condition, several men went to the scene.

The officer of the police, in Flushing, where the wound was examined and an effort made to stop the bleeding, found that the bullet had struck the boy on the right side of the upper lip and, after breaking two teeth, had torn through the entire length of the tongue and entered the throat. Dr. Hicks probed over two inches in the wound for the ball without success, and as it was deemed inadvisable to operate further, owing to the boy's condition, he was taken home.

Last evening he was in no immediate danger. The matter was reported to the Flushing police, but they have failed so far to discover the person who fired the shot.

One-half the male population of Bayside have turned detectives and are following every clue in the case.

It is not known whether the shooting was intentional or accidental. It is common in the village that the shot was fired by some reckless person who has since disappeared from the village.

"The Old Oakum Bucket" is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolation from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malaria, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and efficient condition use Dr. Cass's *Golden Medical Discovery*, the greatest blood-purifier of the age.

THEIR TRUMP CARD TAKEN.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE STUDENTS LOSE.

Only Twenty Came to the Front at the Critical Moment—All Hands Were to Have Gone Out When Prof. Woolsey Appeared in the Lecture-Room This Morning, but Most of Them Were Keenly.

"GENTLEMEN: As has been announced to you, I have been appointed to assist Prof. Stimson in lectures upon anatomy."

Such were the words with which Prof. Woolsey began his lecture to the students of the University Medical College this morning, and as he paused for an instant, about twenty of the 300 assembled future physicians arose from their seats and filed out of the several doors.

Their departure was greeted with hisses and groans, while Prof. Woolsey, after silence had once more asserted itself, continued his remarks unintermittently.

This action was the coup de grace which the rebellious students had reserved to show their disaffection over the dismissal of Prof. Weiss and the appointment of Prof. Woolsey in his stead.

The plan was a failure.

Of all the young men who had vowed allegiance to Dr. Weiss barely a score responded to the crisis, which was to decide whether the students were to have their way or the Faculty were to rule.

Many held back from sheer faint-heartedness, others from the knowledge that their time for graduation was approaching and their future livelihood depended upon their remaining faithful to the college.

Long before the hour set for the lecture knots of students gathered on the stairs or in the passageways and discussed the question at great length.

"The excitement has all subsided," said one student who had been foremost in the ranks of the rebels.

The holiday vacation had the effect of cooling their ardor somewhat, and this in addition to the fact that Dr. Weiss will not return to the college under any circumstances, and, moreover, some of us are approaching graduation and any set back will mean us lose a year, is sufficient to check the enthusiasm.

In the next hall, a somewhat different expression was heard.

"The feeling is just as strong as ever," exclaimed a handsome young student.

The Faculty have acted very meanly in this affair, and we don't propose to stand for it. Look at this! Am I a dog to be addressed this way? And he handed the reporter a letter which read:

SIR: You are hereby directed to present your resignation to the Faculty of the University on Thursday, Jan. 3, at 10 o'clock p. m.

CHARLES INGLE PARDEE.

The word "directed" was scratched out and "requested" substituted.

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and see no reason to be abruptly summoned like that. All our requests have been conchoidal in the most respectful language and do not merit either reprimand or expulsion."

Here the group was enlarged by fresh arrivals, who all coincided with the speaker, and expressions of various kinds filled the air.

Many announced their determination of continuing their studies at Bellevue, as their professors had passed, and this in addition to the resignation of their embalmers, "Jimmie" Walsh, was also discussed in no measure.

Walsh was Dr. Weiss's right-hand man, and had a secret process of embalming bodies by which they could be kept for years.

This process was applied to Gen. Grant and Garfield, and he was considered invaluable to the College.

Dr. Weiss said he was struck with his keys and left the University, and his loss was greatly regretted.

Walsh was the matter with Weiss was the answer addressed to each fresh arrival, the answer was invariably, "Oh, he's all right."

It looked as though victory was on the students' side so staunch were they apparently.

The hum of conversation in the large lecture room was interrupted by the arrival of Prof. Woolsey, a young man with a reddish, pointed beard, who walked straight to the lecture desk and amid a whirlwind of applause, which had scarcely subsided when a score of students arose from their seats and pausing long enough at the door to hear Prof. Woolsey's opening words, passed into the hall and thence down the stairs, followed by hisses and groans from the remaining students.

The climax had been reached and passed, and the Faculty were victorious.

Many avowed themselves not yet conquered, and will meet at 6 o'clock to-night to take further action, after their interview with the Dean.

WANTED COLUMBUS'S BONES.

San Dominicans Excited Over a Proposition as to the Immortal Discoverer.

News comes from San Domingo that the people of that Republic are in a high state of indignation over an alleged insult done to the Government in a curious request by H. M. Linell, an American citizen, through United States Consul H. C. Astwood.

The Consul asked the Government to permit the bones of the immortal Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, to be removed to the United States for exhibition.

Thus persuasively was Mr. Linell's cause pleaded.

He guarantees to defray all expenses for the transportation of the bones, a sum of eight soldiers and four priests.

He guarantees to defray all the expenses which should arise during the tour of the persons in the United States and also their salaries. He guarantees to remit to the Government the net receipts to the Dominican Government in quarterly payments, and guarantees that they should not amount to less than \$500,000 a year.

He guarantees the safe return of the bones after the time of not less than four years. Mr. Linell desires that the Church and Government authorities state publicly that there are the genuine bones of Columbus, and that exhibition of them shall be permitted for this trip only.

Senor Figueroa of course declined the proposition, characterizing it as disgraceful and insulting.

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11th Reply to Powderly's Charges Now Being Made.

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IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

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SALOON-KEEPERS DUPED.

A GANG WHO REAPED A RICH HARVEST AS CAPT. SCHULTZ'S OFFICERS.

One Personated a Sergeant and the Others Sold the Bones of the Immortal Discoverer.

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